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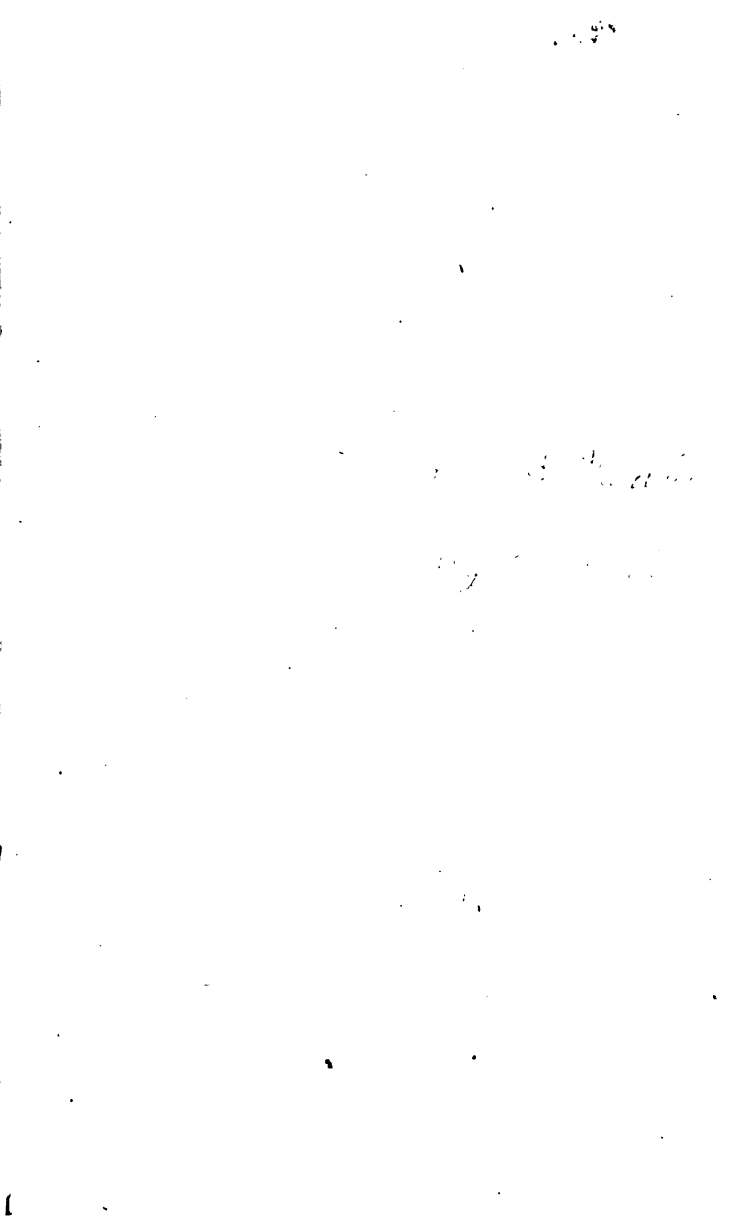


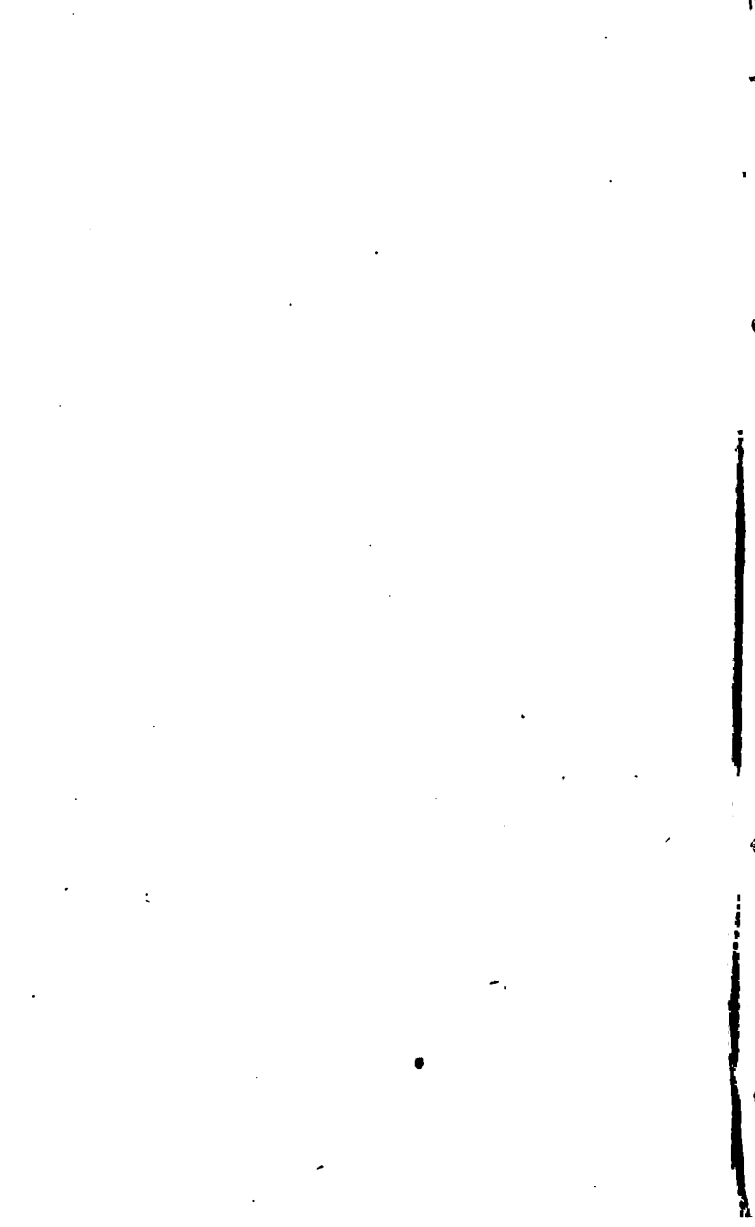
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WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

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**S. S. S.**

**P H I L O S O P H Y.**

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**BY THE AUTHOR**

**OF "KATE IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND,"  
"JESSIE'S FLIRTATIONS," &c., &c.**

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## PREFACE.

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IN the preface, an author is supposed to tell the truth, if every other page of his book is a tissue of imaginings. Also, the reader anticipates gaining an insight into the motives which prompted the work. But, as has been said by a witty philosopher, "the true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front of the show."

The true motive which incited the gathering of the fragments of the succeeding pages, into their present form, I am under no obligation to avow—and I have not the cowardice to assume a pretext for the act.

And, if I have been stupid when I intended to be witty—foolish when I aimed to be wise—asserted error instead of truth—offended when I wished to propitiate—or have mistaken misanthropy for satire, I can only plead in extenuation, these are so very common faults, that individual culpability finds excuse and apology in general fallibility.

I do not assume to be wiser or better than the "thousand and one" theorists and philosophers, who have preceded me—and I am quite certain, it would be hardly possible to get farther from the truth.

And upon any question, where I have asserted my own opinions, rather than have adopted others, there are, at least, grounds for demur.

THE AUTHOR.

SHADY NOOK, }  
1846. }





## S. S. S. PHILOSOPHY.

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### CHARITY.

Is it not mere matters of forms, ceremonies and theories, not principles, which separate man from his brother man? Our aim is all the same; we are all seeking to advance truth, morality and virtue, and consequently man's well-being and happiness. We stop and contend with our brother — not because his desire for the same object is less ardent than our own, but because he wants to do his way, and we ours. Would it not be well to remember that we are as far from him as he is from us? and, perhaps, the true line is equally distant from both? We should remember 'though we have

the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries ; and though we have all faith so that we could remove mountains, and have not that charity, which is love, we are nothing.'

The mutual exercise of this principle of loving forbearance, breaks down the barriers which separate one from another, and remove the mountains of our own prejudice and injustice.



## A THOUGHT.

How insufficient are pride and mere intellect to support the reverses of fortune, or calm the rebellious heart under the pressure of affliction !

## SYMPATHY.

To me there is something strange in the deep sympathy of soul with soul. It does not require professions, or a long series of kind acts, to win the confidence of the true-hearted. The gushing feelings of the heart bubble up from their well-fount, until the bosom thrills with its own joyous and delightful emotions.

Are these flowers of love and kindness confined to the favored few, gifted with more than earthly natures? or are they the spontaneous production of every heart, until the weeds of sin and selfishness destroy the purity of soil which alone can give them birth?

When the spirit concentrates within itself, and garners up the stores of its tenderness and hopes, and offers them in truth, love and confidence upon any shrine, be it human or divine, the act of sacrifice *awakens* the deepest and holiest emotions of our nature. It awakens a

bliss of joy too deep for mere words to convey an idea of its intensity. A heart divided cannot receive the reward of its sacrifice. A part may not be accepted. The sacrifice of love is of soul to soul. Mind and matter cannot mingle and produce the pure essence of its bliss.

And this undivided sacrifice of the heart — this offering in purity and truth, without doubt — whether it be to God, or to an earthly object, calls into exercise the true divinity of our nature, and gives to humanity a glimpse of the enjoyment of Heaven — where all is mind, where all is soul — where truth, love and confidence exist without alloy.

And although the emotions which it begets, are but the natural laws of our being — although the enjoyments which it engenders, are but the prerogative of our nature — yet, as the world is, man has scarcely been wild, when he deemed it ‘miraculous.’

## THE PAST.

It comes to us with its sweet memories, and bright visions. We were ambitious in early youth, and the future but looked the brilliant vista of hopes enjoyed and anticipations realized. We loved the noble and generous — were excited by the bold and daring — and how we worshipped the beautiful !

But where are those visions now ? — where the bright fancy which colored in its own hues the picture of life ? Ah ! they are all gone !

We have been in contact with the selfishness of the world, and have imbibed its own spirit. We have learned distrust, and practiced upon the superficial hypocrisy of common life, until the ambition of youth has fled ; its visions have vanished ; and its sparkling fancy has faded into the twilight of common reality. *Such is life !*

## CONJUGAL HUMBUG.

I KNOW not why, but husbands, after they have been married a year, or perhaps half the time, forget that during the process of winning, one-half their language has been hyperbole ; and it will require time to accustom the beloved to plain, unsophisticated truth. To this simple fact, one-half the domestic discords and disunions owe their origin. I am not disposed to enter into a discussion of the merit of wooing with sober, dispassionate truth. I suspect the matter would be divested of more fascinations and charms than it would be wise to dispense with, if deception were banished from the acts of both parties, and an unvarnished tale of common sense substituted in its place. The theories of some modern philosophers upon this subject, will not, I think, meet with much sympathy in practice, however all may admit of the truth in the abstract.

Mankind may change their religion or their government — repeal old laws and make new ones, eight months of the year, but the old-fashioned way of wooing has stood a long test of its practical utility, and will not be easily supplanted by modern innovations.

Bless me ! to think of selecting a wife with the same cool, dispassionate scrutiny you would buy a horse ! First examine the soundness and fitness, then ascertain whether the candidate has been well trained and broken to bit and rein ; and whether a fair bargain of mutual concessions can be made. Why, the very preliminaries would frighten the little blind god from the affair.

But I remember of a philosopher who has said, “one fact is better than a dozen theories ;” and I have in my mind’s eye at this moment, the result of one of these philosophical unions. The gentleman is all honor, all truth and sincerity. The lady possesses every virtue the husband asked or anticipated. Nothing mars their peace ; and nothing is wanting



to make their lot truly enviable, save Cupid had nothing to do with their courtship, and the boy has been in a pet ever since, and will have nothing to do with their wedded life.



### A THEOLOGICAL QUERY.

SHALL we dare say that every natural desire of the heart is depraved? that each impulse is evil? What act of crime and wrong was ever recorded, that proceeded from the spirit's instantaneous, impulsive prompting—without forethought—in a moment of total forgetfulness of self?

## OLD BACHELORS.

OLD bachelors, as a class, are fond of opposition. It touches the impregnability of the intrenchments by which they have surrounded their hearts, to yield to soft words and gentle persuasions. And Lady Montague made a strange mistake when she asserted there were but two kinds of people — men and women. In my catalogue, I have found three — men, women, and old bachelors.

Married and young men can be flattered by sweet words and gentle acts. But old bachelors are sooner caught by a slight touch of the acid ; arriving at their conclusion, undoubtedly, by ratiocination, that lemon juice added to sugared water, only makes it the more palatable.

And oftentimes where tenderness, beauty, gentleness and amiability have failed, the well-directed artillery of a sensible shrew has forced capitulation, without terms or conditions.

Of course, these remarks will not apply to every individual, as there are many old bachelors in fact, who are no more so at heart, than every church-member is a Christian.

OLD BACHELORS ! in truth, they are one of the luxuries of social life. And if the American calculator of the end of time, had brought forward their increase as one of the signs of the approaching millenium—why, the argument could have been supported by testimony as strong and not more forced than the whole basis of his theory. “In Heaven they neither marry, nor are they given in marriage.”

“And old maids?”

Hush ! So few are old maids from *free* will, they form no distinct class from their sex in general.

It must be nature, or choice, not necessity, which creates the distinctive characteristics. Because an irresistible fiat should compel men, like the king of old, to eat grass, would that constitute them oxen ?

## CHURCH-GOING.

THE church! that theatre in America for fashion! Libel or heresy, as some may deem it, but custom has rendered fashionable attire a necessary adjunct to public worship. Piety and devotion may mingle there too, but, from the pulpit to the door, it is so laden with display that you may not select the worshipper from the exhibiter.

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## TRUE PASSION.

DEEP feeling never exhibits itself with volubility. There is a gloom in gladness, as there is 'joy in grief.'

## HINT TO TRAVELLING SCRIBBLERS.

WOULD it not be the very height of rudeness, for a man to enter the house of a stranger, *uninvited*, and not finding the regulations to his taste, to say, ‘Here, sir, I am not pleased with many things I see. Your house I like, the furniture is very well, but every thing is horribly arranged. This piece ought to be in that room ; that picture is hung completely in the shade ;’ and thus go on until every thing was, or, as he suggested, ought to be, revolutionized? And then continue: ‘I am not pleased with your servants. Some of them are dunces, the rest knaves ; and I assure you, no man of sense would allow them to serve him. Neither am I pleased with the disposal of your property. That dividend in right belongs to this son — those shares to the other — and of what use is your real estate? Give this farm to this neighbor’s son — and that

tract of land to another. Gratitude is one of the strongest ties of our nature, and by bestowing these benefits upon your neighbors, you will call forth a stronger and deeper affection than your own children will requite for the good you may do them.' And thus continue enumerating his possessions, and suggesting their proper disposal. What do you think? if some unimportant suggestion was just, that the whole mass of impertinence would be listened to, with a pleased countenance, and a 'thank you, sir,' or that the impudent meddler would be kicked down stairs, with the admonition, that when his opinions were wished, they would be solicited?

Well, nations and states are but families on a larger scale, and wo to the foreign wight, who presumes his advice to better its institutions, manners, or customs.



## INDIVIDUALITY.

AND who have not their own peculiar whims, fancies, and plans? the traits and slight inequalities which mark the individuality of separate humanity? And for these, when they militate not against another's happiness, who should be blamed or censured more than they should that the color of their hair, their stature, or their features were not the exact counterpart of their fellow-man? Ah! would you assert that God fashioned the form, but that the immutable decree of conventional usage has decided that the mind and manners must be moulded into a sameness by the crucibles of prejudice and education?

The history of the past has conclusively shown that individual opinions, unsupported by precedents, are regarded but little short of insanity — that one must not presume to think new thoughts, or advance a new idea. Or, if

they so presume, must not be pained if society deem them, like counterfeit notes, spurious and worthless.

If a body of men, whether associated or incorporated, start new theories, or new projects, they, perchance, may be endorsed by society, provided they have previously received the signatures of the president, secretary, cashier, comptroller, and I do not know how many other dignities and proprieties. But single, independent individualities, whether of thought or manner, are crimes not to be forgiven against the august fiat of good and evil — PUBLIC OPINION.





## CHANGE.

TIME passes, and with it change comes. In this world—and the thought may sober the gayer moment, even while it brings a balm to the grief-stricken and saddened hour—in this world, neither joy nor misery holds eternal sway. Sunshine succeeds clouds, and clouds often obscure the brightest gleamings of the morning sun.



## TEMPTATION.

SOME men possess the component parts of both saint and devil; and as the influences by which they are surrounded prevent them from being the one, the necessity of their very natures compels them to be the other.

## GIRLS.

‘TRIFLES light as air, weave the net of bliss or misery’ in human life — and especially in the life of a young girl. A look, or word, an irrepressible smile, even though it may be at the most ludicrous, may permanently affect the happiness of her after life; for girls are considered but beings of dependence, placed upon a circular track never to be verged from. One false step to the right or left — and they are lost forever.

I never looked upon a young girl with a sunny eye, an open brow, and smiling lips, but my heart ached to think of the blighted feelings, the repressed aspirations, and destroyed hopes that must attend her future life — unless, happily education should transform her into an automaton of conventional rules and prescribed duties.

## WEDDINGS.

THAT a wedding can be ever otherwise than a solemn scene, is a matter of surprise. The union is for life—a partnership, at best, of sorrow as well as joy—the sacred irrevocable vows then uttered by changing mortals, to know no more change until death. It is but the grace of God and the truth and fervency of their own affections, that may keep them as truly as then promised, and as inviolable as the happiness of married life demands. No doubt, no distrust, no coldness, no indifference should ever be allowed with its breath to sully the mirror of conjugal love. And unkindness and neglect are moral deformities and death, which should not be deemed possible in domestic union.

## ONE OF THE MINOR ILLS OF LIFE.

OH, the horror and confusion of preparation for a journey! If there is any of the minor ills of life which I pray more heartily to be delivered from than others, it is the bustle of a young miss preparing for a tour of conquests, and that of a young gentleman going to sea, who leaves an anxious and careful mother at home.

The paraphernalia of a woman's wardrobe, was never intended for the circumference of trunks and band-boxes. There are so many little indispensables attached to the mystery of a lady's toilet which require space, it seems impossible to carry all necessaries, unless she can, at once, pack up her dressing-room and closet. What to take? what to leave? where to place this? and where will that be the least injured? Oh! it is a Babel of queries and indecisions which destroy the quiet of the whole family.

And in the case of the young gentleman, nothing would satisfy the anxious maternal parent, but to pack up the oven and Betty, to keep the absent one supplied with fresh cakes and warm biscuit ! What a blessing it is, that all the conveniences of civilization are not, under all circumstances, portable, or every journey would be, like the wanderings of the Israelites, a caravan of household goods.



## DANGER.

DANGER drives men to seek the sympathy of their fellow-men. It is only in safety, free from care and anxiety, that man rejects the affinity of man. Isolated instances may be found where deceit, oppression, and unkindness have driven men from the pale of society with bitter scorn — but these are rare.

## WIT.

WIT is the most dangerous gift ever bestowed upon woman. It may make her admired, but never beloved. A witty woman is envied by her own sex, and feared by the other. Men seek for gentleness, kindness and pliability in their companions for life. After summing up the virtues, they ask for accomplishments, neatness, beauty, wealth, and an affectionate disposition.

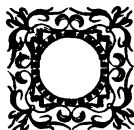


## TEMPER.

How much it costs of effort, as well as sacrifices of happiness, to be sullen, unkind, and ill-tempered !

## A MAIDEN'S THOUGHTS.

AH! who shall tell a maiden's thoughts? The reflections of a pure heart, unhacknied in the world's wisdom, distrust, and selfishness, are sneered at, and flung aside with the opprobrious epithet — '*romance*.' In fact, in the present era, truth, purity, and an appreciation of the truly beautiful, are regarded as the indulgence of the most romantic imagination.



## PULMONARY PATIENTS.

To send pulmonary patients South to an enervating climate, where the very air is laden with lassitude, seems to us the very contradistinction from common sense.

When the lungs have become diseased, the whole system must necessarily be weakened, and needs strengthening instead of debilitating; and as we believe it is an incontrovertible fact that a tropical climate enervates a healthy person accustomed to the more bracing air of a Northern one, we cannot understand the logic which recommends it to an invalid.

‘But,’ says the caviller, ‘many consumptive patients have received benefit from a voyage South.’ True, *the voyage* may do them good; also change of habits may be beneficial; and faith and awakened hope may effect wonders. But, still, we doubt the benefit of the residence; unless it may cause to dare to breathe



the pure air, and take off the bandages and mufflers from over the mouth.

In sense and necessity, there can be no excuse for tying up the face, except the toothache. And with that, a man is excusable in doing many unreasonable things.

As some one wiser than we are, has said, 'put your comforters, mufflers, and shawls on your feet,' if you please ; but in mercy to your lungs, let them occasionally inhale a little pure oxygen, and the colder, we had almost said, the better. And perhaps so, above the freezing point.

If the lungs are irritated, take something to allay the irritation, but do not increase it by compelling them to inhale only heated and impure air. *What ! you can't breathe cold air ?* Well, if you had your eyes bandaged and yourself in total darkness for months, and perhaps years, do you think you could instantaneously pass from darkness to the glare of the noonday sun, and see much ?

It is a law of nature, that *exercise* gives

strength and power to the different organs and functions of the human system. And exercise of the lungs means something more than just breathing because you can't stop.

Talk, laugh, sing, dance, jump, and even run up hill, if you cannot produce a good, hearty, vulgar, panting, bellows-like puff otherwise. And to do this with any degree of spirit or comfort, requires a *very cool atmosphere*.



## THE EXTREMES OF SOCIETY.

IF the wealthier and humbler classes of society were more often drawn into personal intercourse, the one would not be regarded as more unfeeling and less sympathizing, nor the other, as all ignorance and vulgarity, beyond the pale of those influences which constitute the sum of happiness in life, whether within a palace hall or beside the humblest cottage hearth.

Sincerity of feeling and true affection, refine and elevate even the ignorant, and can never become vulgar ; while the most gifted intellect and most unexceptionable manners, can never atone for the want of that light which gleamed from the realms of blessed purity, when the divine injunction was uttered, 'LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'

## AT MODERN BENEFICIARIES.

OH, how heartily I have wished all suffering, virtuous, white persons were heathen or negro slaves! Were they either, enough would interest themselves to ameliorate their condition and relieve their wants.

None, but *free, white Christians*, have a right to perish from hunger and cold, with perfect impunity, and nobody be to blame.

In the city of New York, there are hundreds of virtuous and suffering women, who toil with their needles from dawn till dark, and do not gain sufficient wages to procure one-third of the comforts that you will find in the hut of any Southern slave; and yet, what effort is made for their benefit?

Who but good Mathew Carey, ever thought of the true rights of women? which are to live, if needs must be, by their own industry and capability, and receive a fitting remuneration for their exertions.

The rights of women, which are denied them, are almost wholly involved in the question of dollars and cents. A woman ought to have the right to live by her own talents and industry, and receive an equal reward with the other sex, for her efforts. A woman, as well as a man, ought to be allowed to make a fortune, if she has the talents and application to accomplish the effort.

But as society is, she is only allowed to marry or inherit one — to receive one as a boon from a husband or father. And if she has no one to bestow, either through matrimony or death, the ease of luxury or the blessings of sufficiency, she must be content with the sufferings of toil, want and privation.

In the present era of improvements, reforms, and philanthropy, the *free, virtuous, white slave* of Poverty, is the only being past pity, effort, and even a political cabal.

Let the sufferer be degraded, vicious, malicious, or black, or all together, and he will find sympathy. A society will philanthropically

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arise to advocate his wrongs, and, at least, 'a fair' will be 'got up' for his benefit.

But virtuous, suffering, white-skinned humanity, must only look to heaven for sympathy, and to God for aid.



## WOMAN'S EFFORTS.

'IN order to be perfectly imprisoned while yet without the prison walls, one must be a woman,' says Fredrika Bremer, in one of her sweet tales of 'Every-day Life.' And for a woman to make an effort for independence, unless in some beaten track, is to be treated like a criminal in his prison habiliments.

## MARRIAGE.

THANK God ! we firmly believe there is true, pure, and unselfish love in this world. But the most which receives the name, is but an 'exchange of commodities.' The one party is respectable, the other amiable ; and should there be a discrepancy in the market value of the virtues, the difference can be accommodated, if the deficient party can pay the boot ' in bonds and mortgages on real estate.'



## MEMORY.

THERE is no excuse for a bad memory ; it is only an advertisement of heedlessness — of something not cared for. People do not forget what they value — what will give them pleasure — a wrong, an affront, or their dinner. Never plead a bad memory for any thing ; if it is of a person, you insult him by admitting you have forgotten him — if of a fact, it is evidence that you esteemed it of no importance.



## TEARS.

HIGH-SPIRITED, proud and courageous as woman may be ; yet the proudest among them will weep — even for that worthless biped, a faithless lover.



## ‘BLESS, AND CURSE NOT.’

THE Athenians were proud of their glory. Their boasted city claimed pre-eminence in the arts and sciences; even the savage bowed before the eloquence of their soul-stirring orators; and the bards of every nation sang of the glory of Athens.

But pre-eminent as they were, they had not learned to be merciful. The pure precepts of kindness and love were not taught by their sages; and their noble orators forgot to inculcate the humble precepts of forgiveness, and the ‘charity which hopeth all things.’ They told of patriotism, of freedom, and of that courage which chastises wrong and injury with physical suffering; but they told not of that nobler spirit which ‘renders good for evil,’ and ‘blesses, but curses not.’

Alcibiades, one of their own countrymen, offended against their laws, and was con-

demned to expiate the offence with his life. The civil authorities ordered his goods to be confiscated, that their value might swell the riches of the public treasury ; and every thing which pertained to him, in the way of citizenship, was obliterated from the public records. To render his doom more dreary and miserable — to add weight to the fearful fullness of his sentence — the priests and priestesses were commanded to pronounce upon him their curse.

One of them, a being gentle and good as the principles of mercy which dwelt within her heart — timid as the sweet songsters of her own myrrh and orange groves, and as fair as the acacia-blossom of her own bower — rendered courageous by the all-stimulating and powerful influence of kindness, dared alone to assert the divinity of her office, by refusing to curse her unfortunate fellow-being — asserting that she was ‘PRIESTESS TO BLESS, AND NOT TO CURSE.’

## A LOVER.

To some minds a lover fills the whole space,  
and compensates for father, mother and friends.  
To others equally ardent in temperament, and  
perhaps more so, a lover can but fill his own  
space. He is not the 'all in all,' although  
the dearest. But that woman is more happy,  
and her chosen the better satisfied, when he is  
all her heart desires, and *his* love answers its  
cravings.



## A CLASSIFICATION OF MAN'S AFFECTIONS.

MAN has four different grades or stages in his love. I do not know as they are confined to any particular limit of years. Sometimes you will find those who have *no* affections — their hearts are too adamantine to receive impressions. But to speak of the kind generally. A man's first love is for *beauty*. His affections are bestowed upon the prettiest. Like a boy viewing tempting fruit, he desires it, because he wants to eat it.

If circumstances prevent the possession of his first love, the second time his feelings are interested is for *wealth*. He still desires an object as gratifying to his tastes as possible, but still the contingency of wealth is the ruling point in the matter. His desires are to advance his position — to confirm his independence.

His third love is from *ambition*. Men generally, in their third love, have made their fortunes — have proved their position in society. And now they desire an elevated connection, one that will bring them a step higher than their own exertions have been able to do. Their own aggrandizement is the object to be attained.

A man's fourth love, is for *youth*. He has lived beyond the active desires of life, and the infirmities of age are coming on apace, and he wants a nurse. His selfishness has corroded his life's blood ; but he is not willing to die, and wants a young and active nurse to fan the embers of decaying pulsation.



## FAREWELLS.

WHEN a separation is truly regretted, farewells are but painful, and should not be prolonged — and when they are but mere ceremony, the sooner they are said, the better. And in no case can an adieu be protracted, but for effect.



## MIND.

THE mass of mankind do not think. The many are dependent upon the few. Discoveries are made and theories introduced, not by communities, but by individuals. It is the same in matters of taste and fashion ; the multitude follow the leaders.

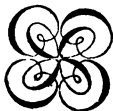
## HEREDITARY NOBILITY.

IN Europe — in America — wheresoever luxuries are esteemed before virtues — where animal enjoyment is more coveted than mental excellence — there will be found the aristocracy of wealth — their *worth* will be estimated by dollars and cents. But amid titled society, to be a man, in any sense of the term, is not requisite for honor or respectability. That there has been *one man* sometime — no matter how many centuries ago — the more the better — is license given that all his descendants, through all coming time, may be knaves or fools, or both, with all honor.

Of all humbugs which have claimed the world's adulation for ages, that of hereditary nobility is the greatest. The worship of *golden calves* is a matter more simplified, more easy of comprehension, than the worth of blood, when the descendants have lost all claim to the qualities which ennobled it.

## WOMAN'S DUTY.

WHAT would be a sacrifice for man, and self-denial sufficient to canonize him as a saint of generosity, is but woman's simple duty — to be performed without demur or opposition. It is no flattery to call woman an angel; for whether as mother, daughter, sister, or wife, if she simply and truthfully perform the duties incumbent upon her in these relations, the good of others is her first prompting and incentive to action. Self is forgotten — her pleasure is in ministering to the happiness of others — and duty is but the work of love.





## DEMOCRACY.

A MAN *may* be a democrat — woman never is. And as woman gives the tone to society, socially, we can never be the democratic people which we profess to be.

The grand evil is, we are a nation of apes ! and like the monkeys with the sailor, pull off and put on our caps from imitation and the ‘last advices.’

Our *millionaires* ape European magnificence — those whose purses are not so heavy, ape our *millionaires* — and the less ape the greater, through every grade of society. Wherever the semblance fails, it is for want of means, not inclination.

Our aristocracy is one of *expense* ; and a man is more or less respectable, according to the expense he incurs in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement. No matter how he ob-

tain his money, provided he does not gain it by the 'sweat of his brow'; and no matter whether he has it at all, if he spends, or rather incurs as many liabilities, as he would, were his purse better filled than his head. Expense is the criterion of American taste and respectability. American ladies have no taste of their own. Their fashions must be imported; their milliners must be of foreign extraction; and to 'cap the climax' of folly, their governesses must have the *ne plus ultra* recommendation, that they, too, are of *foreign manufacture*. (Of course, I refer to those who are 'fashionables,' and monkeys as we are, we all ape to be fashionables.)

Granting that *men* are capable of self-government, there are but very few women so endowed. And if the wise men of the nation, instead of wrangling about banks, tariffs, and sub-treasuries, would establish a court, or set of titles, whereby every lady's pretensions might be determined without the interference of a French milliner, or mantau-maker, they

would accomplish a good which will never be done in any other way, unless it is by ridicule.

Who, with any risibilities, can sit down and canvass the envy, jealousy, and strife of pretension and rivalry, exhibited even in his own immediate circle, and not laugh heartily? The case does not admit of reason. One might as well tell a belle she was not pretty, and expect to be listened to patiently, as to convince a lady she is not fashionable, or at least, would be, if she had all the appliance of foreign aid.

It has been said of our country, truly, that 'man was the architect of his own fortune,' and it might have been added, that woman was the creator of her own pretensions.

Perhaps I am too severe upon these small foibles of my countrywomen. But it is the principle rather than the act, I would declaim against. Little things affect great principles. It was but a three *per cent.* duty which aroused the American colonies to resistance of the mother country. And where now, should we find the patriotic dames ready to sacrifice some

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coveted foreign importation for a small three *per cent.* duty, which affected only the honor and happiness of *their country*?



### A TRUISM.

WE should use our disappointments and afflictions, rather as a warning and example for the future, than as a matter of despondency and disgust.



## MAN'S FAITH AND WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

MAN must not be doubted. His asseverations must be received, like Holy Writ, in full faith and confidence. A spark of jealousy will enkindle his anger.

On the contrary, a woman likes a lover a little jealous. It shows her power, and gives an opportunity for the exercise of that tact and management for which the sex are proverbial.

The truth is, woman always doubts. When she has yielded the warm sympathy of her affections — when she has learned the rich bliss of love's tenderness — she has embarked too much, at venture, not to feel anxious. She knows love is but the episode of man's life, while it is the business of hers. She knows, that he has more temptations to inconstancy — more causes to bring oblivion over his memory — and more resources to fill the void of affections desolate.

Man never doubts the constancy of a heart once his own. Enstrangement may come — distance may intervene — his own neglect may have chilled — nay, more, his plighted faith may have been given to another ; still, he believes his image cherished, and his memory a green spot in the secret recesses of a heart that has once throbbed for him. Woman doubts — doubts herself — doubts her own power. Man feels secure in the supremacy of his own omnipotent selfishness.



## CONSTANCY.

THE general accepted idea of constancy in the affections, is mere '*fudge!*' Some minds are capable of a species of *pérsevérance*, or rather, obstinacy — loving on through unkindness, neglect, and absence — ever pining for the presence of the one object — and never dreaming that this tenacious clinging, was but the exhibition of their folly, rather than the witness of a warm heart. This donkey-like obstinacy, is no proof of warmth or feeling. Nay; it is rather an argument to the contrary.

The truly warm-hearted, impulsive, sympathetic and affectionate natures, ever must have something to cling to, and cherish. If bereft of one object, it instinctively turns to another, like the tender tendril which claims both life and support from foreign aid.

The idea that one affection, one object, and

one memory alone, must forever fill the measures of the heart, is absurd. It may fill small measures and very little heart-granaries; but the generous and warm-hearted cannot confine their gushing sympathies, to the bitter taste and dry sticks of an affection 'that *was*.'

Indeed, the mule, of all animals, possesses in the highest degree, the species of emotion or instinct, which novelists and school-misses have dignified, and almost deified as constancy.





## KISSING.

KISS! *kisses*! KISSING! How much of bliss, and how much of misery is implied in those fond, fatal words! There is the kiss simple, the kiss diplomatic, the ceremonial kiss, and — (from authority which we hardly wish to quote) — the ‘holy kiss.’ And every maiden, from sixteen to sixty, can aver there is another variety, the *kiss tender*.

To enumerate the endless variety, or to delineate each kind, is not our intention — much less to analyze each distinct class. Matters of so much importance, and requiring so much learned and able research, we leave to those able to master them. But, that much depends upon the just decisions of these questions, no one will pretend to deny.

‘Kisses and kissing,’ by the generality of mankind are merely considered, like a part of speech, both ‘*common and proper*.’ But in-

dividuals of nice discrimination — those who can see shape in the wind, and hear sounds in the scintillations of a star, will agree with us that there is an endless variety in species, and no adequate meaning or sufficient definition attached to each class. They are all lumped together, and said to mean merely — *nothing*. This is erroneous. Is there not a wide difference between the kiss snatched *publicly*, with a smack, from the pouting lips of the laughing hoiden, and the silent kiss imprinted stealthily and noiselessly upon the same lips? Each and every kiss ought to be classified in the same manner as shells and plants. How much more important to general happiness, is a significant and *understood* meaning of kisses, than a knowledge of the particular class and species of the inanimate curiosities flung from the briny wave. The shell speaks to the head — the kiss to the heart. The one lies carelessly upon the hand — the other thrills every fibre of the frame. The one is a tangibility — the other a spirituality. And yet, conchology has its pro-

fessors and learnedly wise men — while kissing is left to the examination of beardless boys, and simpering girls.



## INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

WE do not sufficiently appreciate individual influence. We live and act for the present, for the moment, without realizing that each act is an emanation of the mind, as indestructible as the mind itself. Each act goes forth and drops as a pebble in the ocean of life, where one circle succeeds another, each enlarging its sphere, until beyond the power of our vision.

We are too wont to look upon individual influence as a small matter in the general balance; but, how illimitable in the total computation!

We are formed for society; by nature are created a social kind. We associate, and the sympathy which connects mind with mind, produces assimilation. Or rather, the one acts upon the other, like friction upon material matter. The impressions we give, or receive, mould the other more to its own likeness. In

continuation, these again act upon others, and thus on through the whole vista of time.

To limit the boundaries of individual influence, were impossible. Every human being is a link in the great chain of life, the ends whereof are upheld by the GREAT CREATOR. He alone sees and knows its extent. It is not in our power to sever it, or separate ourselves from the connection; and every individual act vibrates through the whole length.

The influence from us toward our fellow-beings, is for their happiness or misery; and the consequences remain with us. No one is so humble that he belongs not to his species; and our connection is such, one with another; and all united in the grand principles of life and a desire for happiness, that the influence of our actions cannot remain with ourselves. They go from us, like seed from the herb, to flourish for others as a warning or example; as an incitement to good or evil.

Neither do our influences die with us. They live long after the winds sigh their requiem

over our graves—they live after our names have ceased to be spoken, and our memories have departed from the earth. They live ever in time; and who knoweth that they live not in eternity!



## DUTY.

AN act of love performed towards a fellow-being, is more acceptable in the sight of Heaven, than knees worn out by long prayers.



## THE WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

IN the valley of the Mississippi, and the more southern parts of America, are found antique curiosities and works of art, bearing the impress of cultivated intelligence. But of the race, or people, who executed them, time has left no vestige of their existence, save these monuments of their skill and knowledge. Not even a tradition whispers its *guess-work*, who they might be. We only know *they were*.

What proof and evidence do we gather from their remains, which have withstood the test of time, of their origin and probable era of existence? That they existed centuries ago, is evident from the size which forest trees have attained, that grow upon the mounds and fortifications discovered. That they were civilized and understood the arts, is apparent from the manner of laying out and erecting their fortifications, and from various utensils of gold,

copper and iron which have occasionally been found in digging below the earth's surface. If I mistake not, I believe even glass has been found, which, if so, shows them acquainted with chemical discoveries, which are supposed to have been unknown until a much later period than the probable time of their existence.

That they were not the ancestors of the race which inhabited this country at the time of its discovery by Columbus, appears conclusive from the entire ignorance of the Indian tribes of all knowledge of arts and civilization, and the non-existence of any tradition of their once proud sway. That they were a mighty people is evident from the extent of territory where these antiquities are scattered. The banks of the Ohio and Mississippi tell they once lived; and even to the shore where the vast Pacific heaves its waves, there are traces of their existence. Who were they? In what period of time did they exist?

In a cave in one of the western states, there is carved upon the walls a group of people, ap-



parently in the act of devotion, and the rising sun sculptured above them. From this, we should infer that they were pagans, worshipping the sun and the fabulous gods. But what most strikingly arrests the antiquarian's attention, and causes him to repeat the query, "who were they?" is the habiliments of the group. One part of their habit is of the Grecian costume, and the remainder is of the Phœnician. Were they a colony from Greece? Did they come from that land in the days of its proud glory, bringing with them a knowledge of arts, science and philosophy? Did they, too, seek a home across the western waters, because they loved liberty in a strange land better than they loved slavery at home? Or what may be as probable, were they the descendants of some band who managed to escape the destruction of ill-fated Troy? — the descendants of a people who had called Greece a mother country, but were sacrificed to her vindictive ire, because they were prouder to be Trojans, than the descendants of Grecians? Aye, who were

they? Might not America have had its Hector, its Paris, and Helen? its maidens who prayed, and its sons who fought? All this might have been. But their historians and their poets alike have perished. They *have been*, but the history of their existence, their origin, and their destruction, all, all are hidden in the dark chaos of oblivion. Imagination alone, from inanimate landmarks, voiceless walls, and soulless bodies, must weave the record of their lives, their exploits, their aims, and their final extinction.

But a few years since, it was reported, that in Mexico there had been discovered several mummies, embalmed after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. If true, it carries the origin of this fated people still farther back; and we might claim them to be contemporaries with Moses and Joshua. Still, if I have formed my conclusions correctly from what descriptions I have perused of these western relics of the past, I should decide that they corresponded better with the ancient Grecians, Phœnicians,

or Trojans, than with the Egyptians. I repeat, I may have been incorrect with my premises and deductions, but as imagination is their historian, it pleases me better to fill a world with heroes and beauties of Homer's delineations, than with those of "Pharaoh and his host."



## FAITH.

IN sunshine and safety I might forget the power and love of God. But in danger — amid the contention of the elements — where human aid could not avail, I could not distrust His care or protection.



## THE ERAS OF AN UNMARRIED WOMAN'S LIFE.

A WOMAN'S life, from fifteen to thirty, has three distinct eras ; that is, an unmarried one. The married take their color, chameleon-like, from their husbands ; for when a woman marries, she ceases *to be*, at least in the eyes of the law and philosophy.

From fifteen to twenty, her life is one of rosy hope and brilliant anticipation. She sees every thing through the bright colorings of her own imagination. The vista of life looks but a sunny glade, adorned by every thing fragrant and beautiful.

From twenty to twenty-five, it is all disappointment. The roses of pleasure which she has plucked, have withered. She is misanthropic ; none of her hopes have been realized ; and if she was naturally endowed with keen sensibilities and a warm heart, the way of life

looks dark and drear ; and, perchance, the only green spot she sees, is at it is termination.

From twenty-five to thirty, (and an unmarried woman never gets beyond that age,) the world brightens to her. She is content to take life as it is ; she renovates her hope. The way of life looks but a short distance, which must soon end in — marriage. And at thirty you will find her as gay and frolicksome as at fifteen.



## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ! — what is it, and what is it not ! How many of the gentle, the kind, the lovely, and the pure, have wrecked their hopes, and their whole happiness in life, upon the vain stay of their sex' influence !

Far be it from me to undervalue the good woman has done, or can accomplish — to speak lightly of the power that her virtues and noble tenderness give her in the moral world. But, let us not over-estimate this power — let us sometimes look where her influence has failed.

A dispassionate examination of what woman may hope, rather than a rhapsody upon her all-pervading influence and unlimited power, is a safer criterion for her rule of life. Woman is but human, although her nature *may* be more angelic than that of the 'sterner sex.' But to her power there is a boundary. And God be her guide and support when she has

over-estimated her ability to reform the follies and errors of those she loves.

Man's proud and self-claimed superiority but little brooks a *wife's* prayer that he should do himself 'no harm.' To show her it is *his will*, not her wishes or happiness, that is to be consulted, he will rudely fling her words to the winds, and pursue with greater avidity the evil that is desecrating his own hearth-stone. We sincerely question whether a wife's remonstrance ever withheld a husband from folly or crime, if one of his own sex but gently hinted he was a sober or upright man, in *deference* to ~~his~~ wife's happiness. A wife has naught but silent suffering and the ever-ready smile of love, to win a husband from any evil habit he may have contracted. Yea, she must smile on, though the keenest pangs of agony rend every fibre in her frame, and the tears she sheds are scalding drops of blood wrung from her heart's core. Complaints and remonstrances but add to her sufferings, and drive her husband ~~from~~ *her*, rather than winning him

from his unhappy career. And when we teach that it is woman's influence which is to restrain and reform the errors of society, it ought always to be added, that by marriage a woman loses her own identity, and the wife's influence has ceased with the husband. She has become 'part and parcel' of himself. Hence, her admonitions are, like those of his own conscience, unwelcome visitors which he will fly from if he can. Self-condemnation is the most fearful punishment that can be imposed upon a human being. If we feel a consciousness of right and justice, the world may rise against us, and yet, there is a self-sustaining principle, which an honorable and brave man would not exchange for the adulation of the crowd. And yet, that same man will bow with writhing and torture, beneath accusation of wrong from the secret monitor within his own breast.

From this phase of human nature, we can see why a wife's reproof drives her husband from her, It is like self-accusation without the mollient of self-justification.



And we sincerely question whether a wife's admonition, in nine cases out of ten, ever accomplished any thing but the estrangement of her husband's affections. A man so lost to the influence of duty and moral justice, that he will pursue a headlong, downward career, in spite of his own reason and conscience, will not listen calmly to his wife's remonstrance against his course.

Perhaps the question may be suggested, what shall a married woman do? Shall she look calmly on, and not seek to stay the evil which is crushing herself and all that she loves?

She must look calmly on. What she suffers must not be betrayed at the price of her hopes. She may endure, or she may die; but where the principle of evil has become stronger than reason and conscience in the mind of man, *the provocation to reformation is seldom within the power of the wife*. When one instance in opposition to our position might be quoted, ten thousand might be cited in its support.

## JUSTICE.

MEN, frail by nature, ignorant and prejudiced, without the power or will to examine but *one side* of the question, often meet together for the mature deliberation of their preconceived opinions, and call this solemn mockery of outward pomp, *justice* ! Where, upon the earth's surface, shall we look for that divine attribute ? Man may aim to do right, but PREJUDICE closes his eyes and stops his ears from receiving testimony.



## WORLDLY WISDOM.

A WOMAN can, if she pleases, learn to love a man whose character she respects, and whose personal qualities are agreeable. And she should ever bear in mind, as the world is, a married woman commands a greater share of respect and consideration in society, than an unmarried one of equal mind and character. It is of no use to speculate upon the causes — we know it is so — and that there are greater prospects of happiness with a kind and worthy companion, than unconnected.

And a man can, if he pleases, marry his cook, if he is convinced that she makes good puddings and pies. We should bear in mind, as the world is, a good dinner and good cook are indispensable to command respect and consideration. It is of no use to speculate upon the causes — we know it is so — and that there are far better prospects of a successful effort

from one skilled in all culinary processes, than from one inexperienced in matters of boiling and roasting. And we know of no argument which can be adduced to prove that a husband is more necessary to a woman's health and happiness, than a good dinner is to a man's pleasure and well-being.



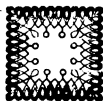
IF.

AND IF—

But all the happiness and despair of life, to human perception, turn upon the single pivot of that little word. If—we all might have enjoyed the bliss of perfect purity and innocence. And if—every hope had been beyond the reach of humanity.

## WISDOM AND FOLLY.

MANY wise men, during some period of their lives, have dreamed day-dreams and indulged in speculations, which if published, would have brought no credit to their wisdom. It has been wittily, if not wisely said, that the difference between a wise man and a fool, was, the former knew how to conceal the folly of his thoughts, while the latter published it. After all, there is not a vast difference in the merit of the case, between being honestly foolish and cunningly wise.



## FIRST LOVE.

It has been wittily said, that first love was like the measles and whooping-cough — a disease of the teens, to which all are exposed. And truth compels me to add, that it is much less harmful in most cases, with proper treatment.

To tell those writhing under the agony of disappointed love, that time and change will heal their suffering, would but excite their indignation. But usually two years of active industry, or duty, will cure the most desperate cases. I do not say that it will in every case. The temperament, constitution and organization of human kind differ, even as flowers differ one from another. Many are annual, some are biennial, and a few perennial.

But, still, I question, whether nine-tenths do not experience sensations nearer allied to shame than regret, if, in after life, they meet their

'first loves,' and compare them with those whom their more matured judgment approves. And I must add, that the sighing, lack-a-daisical fancy, which appears so charming in romances, in real life, constitutes *the* one step from the sublime.



## PROPRIETY.

SOME people's notions of propriety, are the result of a set of square rules, which, if they could be applied to the world, would give a uniformity as pleasing as the forest trees all clipped to an exact size and shape. It would destroy the beauty — but what of that, if the pattern was proper for the curtailment of a pumpkin vine?

## SELFISHNESS.

SELFISHNESS stalks abroad in the glitterings of folly and fashion — and in the sombre suit of wisdom and piety. It hath no peculiar grade, caste, or profession. We as often find it in the pulpit, as at the bar — under the cowl, as under the foolscap — at the ‘board of missions,’ as in the ‘broker’s office.’ And the selfishness of piety is the most horrid, most unnatural form it can assume.

To see the one hand put its mite into the treasury of benevolence, and the other strip the orphan and the widow — to hear the loud professions of anxiety for the soul, and *to see* the utter neglect and indifference for the body, it speaketh with the tongue of a trumpet — ‘Wo unto ye hypocrites: I was hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink — I was weary and ye took me not in; and inasmuch as ye did it *not* to the



least of the suffering, ye did it not to me.'  
Ye cannot love the soul, and forget the suffering humanity.

'OUR FATHER' gave the one, and created the other; and even as ye love the one, ye will minister to the wants of the other. *Professions!* words are *heard* in Heaven — ACTS ARE RECORDED THERE.



## FRIENDS.

PROSPERITY is surrounded by the kind offices of friendship — but let Poverty and Want crouch down in the shadows of our homes, and — friends? — where are they?

## CHARITY.

How erroneously we judge of others' motives and feelings! Could the heart be laid bare, and we see its secret cares and sorrows — its incentives to action, and the hidden promptings of its spirit — would there not be more sympathy, more charity, more justice? Only the truly vicious need fear such scrutiny; and for *them*, could we know all their temptations, and their peculiar weaknesses, perhaps, even for them, we could feel more forgiveness — more of the spirit to say, Brother, 'go, and sin no more.'



## PORTRAIT OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

HE was an upright and generous man — always benevolent, always kind. His purse was always open to those who needed help, and he was as judicious in his acts of benevolence, as he was delicate and considerate in his offerings.

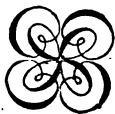
But woman was to him an enigma — he could not comprehend the sex. He regarded them truly, as a kind of helpless commodity, ever needing care, and to be tended, like exotic plants.

Perhaps, it was because he never thought new things; that he never queried why Eve was created, and given as an additional care to Adam, when he was burdened with the cares of his new office, the head-clerk in the counting-room of Paradise.

He read, to be sure, that the woman was created as a 'help-meet'; but the expression would have been Greek to his understanding,

if it had conveyed the idea of an acting partner in the concern of life.

And to the fact, that he looked upon women as superfluities and luxuries, not to be indulged in, until a man had made his fortune, was the reason he never had married. He was, in heart, a sincere and devoted worshipper at woman's shrine; and his fault was, he placed the altar too high in the clouds, where the sacrifice could not in honor be offered by ordinary mortals, until they could climb to it upon a *golden ladder*.



## CLERGYMEN.

If a clergyman's duty is more sacred than other men's, or if his person and office is more to be revered than other men's, it is because he is consecrated *to do good*. I know all should do so, but a clergyman more particularly. It is his office — his calling. And aught that will promote the good of others, is not beneath his dignity, nor is it any act of condescension on his part, to perform the lowliest acts of kindness, charity and love towards his fellow-men. Prayers and preaching should not 'be left undone,' but a clergyman has forgotten the weightier matters of love, when he supposes his duties fulfilled by a stipulated amount of prayers and sermons.



## SPITTING.

MOST foreign commentators upon our manners and institutions, are horrified by the fact, that Americans are guilty of the habit of *spitting*. They give the subject the same importance as if our institutions were at the root of the vulgarity, and reason from the ridiculous logic, that Americans spit; hence, republican institutions produce the vulgar habit of spitting.

But if Sultan Mahmoud had to proceed with great caution in attacking the beards of his slave-subjects, it is unreasonable to anticipate that the congress of a free nation can prescribe the manner in which its inhabitants shall expectorate!



## PRUDENT MARRIAGES.

MARRYING for love, without any consideration for those necessities of life, 'soap and sugar,' may be folly. But to marry for an establishment, although legalized by law, deserves a much harsher name. True affection consecrates, even weakens, but even law cannot wipe out the odium of bartering the person for money. Prudent mothers and calculating fathers inculcate into the minds of their children an amiable horror of, what the world calls 'imprudent matches;' and the wisdom of matrimony is achieved by what the same august potentate terms a 'prudent match.' The indiscretion of the former, excites pity and regret; while the marketable caution of the latter, provokes scorn. There is an apology for folly, but heartless intrigue deserves to be condemned.

We are aware that our remarks may shock

the nerves of popular prejudice ; but when we see the most sacred attributes of our natures invaded, and offered for a *price* at the shrine of gold and glitter — when we see woman trained to secure *cash* value for her person, without reference to the intellect, character, or disposition of the *master* husband, we cannot but think that the custom of those countries where females are sold to the highest bidder, has not a more deteriorating influence upon the heart and morals, than the more refined manner of fashion and civilization — while the semi-barbarous custom is devoid of the civilized hypocrisy. And when we hear all this cold, heartless artifice called prudence and wisdom — see the happiness of life sacrificed to gain the world's admiration — and truth and feeling immolated upon the altar of vanity — we cannot help wishing, very modestly and quietly, we *had* the power to shock and shame 'popular prejudice' out of some of its heartlessness, not to give it a harsher name.



## EDUCATION AND NATURE.

THE difference between minds uncultivated, and those disciplined by education, may be compared to the mountain rill and the trained stream of the pleasure-ground. The waters of both may be equally pure, but the mountain's brook runs laughingly and gaily on, without a thought whether it forms a cascade or a mud-puddle ; while the ditched stream of the pleasure-ground flows with gentle murmurs over its paved, pebbly bed, into its velvet-rimmed reservoir. And by *artificial* means, its surplus waters are drained off, that there may be no danger of its ever overflowing the green, grassy banks on its margin.



demned to expiate the offence with his life. The civil authorities ordered his goods to be confiscated, that their value might swell the riches of the public treasury ; and every thing which pertained to him, in the way of citizenship, was obliterated from the public records. To render his doom more dreary and miserable — to add weight to the fearful fullness of his sentence — the priests and priestesses were commanded to pronounce upon him their curse.

One of them, a being gentle and good as the principles of mercy which dwelt within her heart — timid as the sweet songsters of her own myrrh and orange groves, and as fair as the acacia-blossom of her own bower — rendered courageous by the all-stimulating and powerful influence of kindness, dared alone to assert the divinity of her office, by refusing to curse her unfortunate fellow-being — asserting that she was ‘PRIESTESS TO BLESS, AND NOT TO CURSE.’

## A LOVER.

To some minds a lover fills the whole space,  
and compensates for father, mother and friends.  
To others equally ardent in temperament, and  
perhaps more so, a lover can but fill his own  
space. He is not the 'all in all,' although  
the dearest. But that woman is more happy,  
and her chosen the better satisfied, when he is  
all her heart desires, and *his* love answers its  
cravings.



## A CLASSIFICATION OF MAN'S AFFECTIONS.

MAN has four different grades or stages in his love. I do not know as they are confined to any particular limit of years. Sometimes you will find those who have *no* affections — their hearts are too adamant to receive impressions. But to speak of the kind generally. A man's first love is for *beauty*. His affections are bestowed upon the prettiest. Like a boy viewing tempting fruit, he desires it, because he wants to eat it.

If circumstances prevent the possession of his first love, the second time his feelings are interested is for *wealth*. He still desires an object as gratifying to his tastes as possible, but still the contingency of wealth is the ruling point in the matter. His desires are to advance his position — to confirm his independence.

His third love is from *ambition*. Men generally, in their third love, have made their fortunes—have proved their position in society. And now they desire an elevated connection, one that will bring them a step higher than their own exertions have been able to do. Their own aggrandizement is the object to be attained.

A man's fourth love, is for *youth*. He has lived beyond the active desires of life, and the infirmities of age are coming on apace, and he wants a nurse. His selfishness has corroded his life's blood ; but he is not willing to die, and wants a young and active nurse to fan the embers of decaying pulsation.



## FAREWELLS.

WHEN a separation is truly regretted, farewells are but painful, and should not be prolonged — and when they are but mere ceremony, the sooner they are said, the better. And in no case can an adieu be protracted, but for effect.



## MIND.

THE mass of mankind do not think. The many are dependent upon the few. Discoveries are made and theories introduced, not by communities, but by individuals. It is the same in matters of taste and fashion ; the multitude follow the leaders.

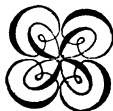
## HEREDITARY NOBILITY.

IN Europe — in America — wheresoever luxuries are esteemed before virtues — where animal enjoyment is more coveted than mental excellence — there will be found the aristocracy of wealth — their *worth* will be estimated by dollars and cents. But amid titled society, to be a man, in any sense of the term, is not requisite for honor or respectability. That there has been *one man* sometime — no matter how many centuries ago — the more the better — is license given that all his descendants, through all coming time, may be knaves or fools, or both, with all honor.

Of all humbugs which have claimed the world's adulation for ages, that of hereditary nobility is the greatest. The worship of *golden calves* is a matter more simplified, more easy of comprehension, than the worth of blood, when the descendants have lost all claim to the qualities which ennobled it.

## WOMAN'S DUTY.

WHAT would be a sacrifice for man, and self-denial sufficient to canonize him as a saint of generosity, is but woman's simple duty — to be performed without demur or opposition. It is no flattery to call woman an angel; for whether as mother, daughter, sister, or wife, if she simply and truthfully perform the duties incumbent upon her in these relations, the good of others is her first prompting and incentive to action. Self is forgotten — her pleasure is in ministering to the happiness of others — and duty is but the work of love.





## DEMOCRACY.

A MAN *may* be a democrat — woman never is. And as woman gives the tone to society, socially, we can never be the democratic people which we profess to be.

The grand evil is, we are a nation of apes ! and like the monkeys with the sailor, pull off and put on our caps from imitation and the 'last advices.'

Our *millionaires* ape European magnificence — those whose purses are not so heavy, ape our *millionaires* — and the less ape the greater, through every grade of society. Wherever the semblance fails, it is for want of means, not inclination.

Our aristocracy is one of *expense* ; and a man is more or less respectable, according to the expense he incurs in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement. No matter how he ob-

tains his money, provided he does not gain it by the 'sweat of his brow'; and no matter whether he has it at all, if he spends, or rather incurs as many liabilities, as he would, were his purse better filled than his head. Expense is the criterion of American taste and respectability. American ladies have no taste of their own. Their fashions must be imported; their milliners must be of foreign extraction; and to 'cap the climax' of folly, their governesses must have the *ne plus ultra* recommendation, that they, too, are of *foreign manufacture*. (Of course, I refer to those who are 'fashionables,' and monkeys as we are, we all ape to be fashionables.)

Granting that *men* are capable of self-government, there are but very few women so endowed. And if the wise men of the nation, instead of wrangling about banks, tariffs, and sub-treasuries, would establish a court, or set of titles, whereby every lady's pretensions might be determined without the interference of a French milliner, or mantau-maker, they

would accomplish a good which will never be done in any other way, unless it is by ridicule.

Who, with any risibilities, can sit down and canvass the envy, jealousy, and strife of pretension and rivalry, exhibited even in his own immediate circle, and not laugh heartily? The case does not admit of reason. One might as well tell a belle she was not pretty, and expect to be listened to patiently, as to convince a lady she is not fashionable, or at least, would be, if she had all the appliance of foreign aid. It has been said of our country, truly, that 'man was the architect of his own fortune,' and it might have been added, that woman was the creator of her own pretensions.

Perhaps I am too severe upon these small foibles of my countrywomen. But it is the principle rather than the act, I would declaim against. Little things affect great principles. It was but a three *per cent.* duty which aroused the American colonies to resistance of the mother country. And where now, should we find the patriotic dames ready to sacrifice some

coveted foreign importation for a small three *per cent.* duty, which affected only the honor and happiness of *their country*?



### A TRUISM.

WE should use our disappointments and afflictions, rather as a warning and example for the future, than as a matter of despondency and disgust.



## MAN'S FAITH AND WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

MAN must not be doubted. His asseverations must be received, like Holy Writ, in full faith and confidence. A spark of jealousy will enkindle his anger.

On the contrary, a woman likes a lover a little jealous. It shows her power, and gives an opportunity for the exercise of that tact and management for which the sex are proverbial.

The truth is, woman always doubts. When she has yielded the warm sympathy of her affections — when she has learned the rich bliss of love's tenderness — she has embarked too much, at venture, not to feel anxious. She knows love is but the episode of man's life, while it is the business of hers. She knows, that he has more temptations to inconstancy — more causes to bring oblivion over his memory — and more resources to fill the void of affections desolate.

delicacy,' 'boldness,' 'presumption,' and 'has unsexed herself,' will be the universal *viva voce*.

If a man has health, energy, integrity, prudence and sense, it is his prerogative to gain property and secure his personal independence. A woman may possess all of these in a superior degree, and she is graciously permitted to be dependent — if she has any one to depend upon ; or, if she has not, it is peculiarly her prerogative to want, toil and suffer for a pittance which will just keep soul and body together while her health continues good ; and then, she may seek maintenance from private charity, or public bounty. This may be superior *delicacy*, but it is also very near the height of *injustice*.

Time is time, labor is labor, and *to live* is an equal necessity with woman as with man ; and we never could understand why a man's time and services were, in fact, more valuable than a woman's, when the labor was equally as well performed by one as the other ; nor why every

employment, which was the more lucrative, must also be masculine.



### MAN'S LOVE.

WE are no caviller at man's faith and love. His vows may be as sincere, and his truth as pure, as that witnessed by the tumultuous throb which first thrills a maiden's heart — but who can or dare answer that he will know no more change till death? And yet the words are spoken, the vow uttered and woman won.

## A SOCIAL EVIL.

AN unmarried woman may not think without weighing out her thoughts by the ounce; nor speak, without counting the syllables of each word; and above all, she must not manifest any positive pleasure in a gentleman's society, lest it be construed for an emotion stronger than pleasure.

God made woman human, as well as man — endowed her with keener sensibility to appreciate social kindness — and shall she be debarred from exercising and manifesting the pleasure which congenial society bestows, because she chanced to be unmarried and a woman! Oh, I would rather be a dog and bay the moon, than a woman, obliged to repress each generous thought and warm impulse, for fear of misconstruction.



## EDITORS.

AN editor is expected to know every thing, and tell all that he knows, and more too; to read every thing—letters, communications, books and papers; to publish every thing, although, if his sheet was as large as a continent, it could not contain one half; to sustain his side of any question which may arise, with all truth, honor and honesty, and give his opponent the advantage of all facts, and then come off victorious, even if he has to support the wrong side of the argument. And then, he must see every body—hear all their pet thoughts, and listen patiently to all their theories—be courteous to every one, although he may wish the intruder at the sources of the Niger; and always be ready with copy when the printers call for it. And he must live, like a chameleon or tree-toad, upon air, and consider the honor of his position as a sufficient

emolument; and with *this* salary to keep dressed like a gentleman, and be ready to incur any expense for the benefit of the 'dear public.' In fact, an editor is regarded as public property—a kind of guide-book in manners, morals, politics and philosophy—a patented, walking and speaking dictionary, dedicated exclusively to public benefit.

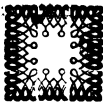
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## PLEASURE.

THE young mistake, and think pleasure and happiness are synonymous terms; and in their eagerness to catch the fleeting bubbles of the former, often congeal the fountains of the latter.

## THOUGHTLESSNESS.

How often a thoughtless and careless expression, uttered without malice or ill-will, wounds the feelings of another. The matter may be harmless, the manner innocent, but the time, or the persons to whom it is spoken, unfortunate. Naught should be more indelibly impressed upon our minds, than to remember always to whom we are speaking, what inference may be drawn from our remarks, and the place, or contingent circumstances, connected with what we are saying.



## WHEN A MAN MAY BE SCIENTIFIC.

IN the first place, a man has no business to wed himself irrevocably to science, before he has wedded a wife. A married man may fly to any problem in the arcana of life, science, or philosophy, to escape a 'Caudle' lecture; but a proud learned bachelor is one of the most tedious companions in Christendom.

He feels that *his* preference sufficiently honors the lady, without any of those little gallant attentions which the sex delight to receive. And he also fears to commit himself by them, lest it should deteriorate from the respect which he demands.

Therefore, he throws himself back upon what he deems dignified reserve, and wearies the object of his attentions by his stupidity. He is so conscious of his own high merit, that he cannot descend to be agreeable. And this, perhaps, explains why many a lovely maiden

has rejected an honorable and noble man, and accepted an empty-pated fellow. The one commanded respect ; the other, by his constant endeavors to please, like a playful kitten or puppy, won affection.

And, perhaps — but it is of no use to endeavor to account for vagaries of a proud, dignified, scientific bachelor. It would be easier to predict the fancies of a miss in her teens.



## RIVALRY.

THERE is no rivalry or jealousy so provoking, and with so few apologies for indulgence, as a par sample of one's self, with the decided advantage of youth.

## REPUBLICANISM.

GOVERNMENT, by recognizing every man's equality as designed by the Creator, instead of levelling the superior, elevates the inferior classes. And where even the humblest laborer's son, if gifted with genius and talent, may aspire to even the highest position among his countrymen, the mass are elevated by self-respect, and seek to be worthy of the honor of the highest.

Truth should be the incentive of all action ; but emulation is a stronger power to the aspiring. And when honor is not to the best, but the greatest — when the rich and the poor start from common ground, the reward is as likely to be secured by the latter as the former. He has necessity as well as ambition to propel him forward.

## AN OLD MAID.

Is she old, ugly, crooked and sallow?

Old! — is the sun less dazzling and brilliant, because it has seen many years? Ugly! — do the poets think the moon, with its pale yellow light, less lovely and beautiful because it has spots upon it? Crooked and sallow! — is not yellow one of the iris hues of the arch of promise? And is not that bow, as it spans the heavens with its glorious beauty, nearly bent double?



## BRIBERY.

THE Roman Church has received unqualified condemnation from Protestants, for selling 'indulgences,' and granting absolutions from sin: is the practice of Protestant communities even better?

We are no apologist for the errors of the Roman Church; we dislike hypocrisy, wrong, injustice and oppression wherever we may meet them; but in the nineteenth century the power of WEALTH is as absolute over the world as the rule of the Pope over the Roman Church.

And we have looked darkly through the veil of life, if *money* does not buy as many 'indulgences' and absolutions from sin and crime, as was granted by the Roman Church in the 'dark ages' of its absolute rule.



## EQUALITY OF INTELLECT IN THE SEXES.

VOLUMES have been written upon the disputed point of natural equality of intellect in man and woman; and the world is as divided in opinion now, as when the disputation was first commenced. I cannot let the subject pass without comment, although I have no argument to offer for the support of either side of the question.

But no woman is perfect in the sphere designed her by Omnipotent Wisdom, unless she possess more heart than head, more affection than intellect. She may be perfect in judgment, superior in wit, and unrivalled in imagination; but let love and kindness outweigh the whole. Let her head be a Solon, but her heart an ocean of sympathies. With the gifted poet,

"What I most prize in Woman  
Is her affection — not her intellect.  
Compare me with the great men of earth —  
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!  
But if thou lovest — mark me, I say lovest —  
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!  
The world of the Affections is thy world —  
Not that of Man's Ambition. In that stillness  
Which most becomes a Woman — calm and holy —  
Thou sittest by the fireside of the Heart,  
Feeding its flame. The element of fire  
Is pure. It cannot change its nature;  
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp,  
As in a palace-hall."



## DOMESTIC FELICITY.

DOMESTIC felicity is the best tamer of a high-spirited woman's temper. Make her heart-happy, and you have gained the rule, and taught her the perfect law of obedience.

## MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

PHILOSOPHERS are dunces in trivial, everyday affairs! They train their minds so closely to logical deductions, that they cannot, woman-like, 'jump at a conclusion' from one side of the argument.

And the man who cut a large hole for his cat, and a small one for his kitten, in the same door, was no greater dolt than most of his fellows.

Philosophers may have learned in their researches, that 'man is an animal,' consequently, must have physical wants—that 'the earth and the inhabitants thereof' exist, hence, there must be a Supreme Cause. But all sympathy and emotion, they would root from their very natures, because these essences of humanity cannot be reduced to a rule of exactitude.

Out upon such philosophers! They study the past, and live in the future, and only re-

gard the present as time to immortalize their own names, by begetting some theory which shall rival his, who taught eighteen hundred years ago, of love, mercy and faith, as rules of action !

Nay, nay ; the village busybody, with her bag of simples, as an excuse for her gossip, has done more good to her kind, than one of these dreaming, reasoning, theorizing, humanities, whose intended good can benefit mankind, only when 'the lion and lamb shall lie down together,' and man shall have become the worthy disciple of him whose doctrines they are laboring to improve ! He only taught of love, purity and truth — they exalt intellect above affection, reason above innocence, and knowledge above virtue !

Out upon such philosophy ! out upon the '*cold intellectualism*' of the age ! men have deified and made a god of it. Did He, who taught 'as a God,' ever exalt reason above the affections ? were His teachings to the head or the heart ?

Away, then, with this speculating, analyzing, theorizing, which appeals to the intellect alone. It may make infidels, but seldom Christians. It would analyze a tear instead of sympathizing with the grief which caused it. It would reduce a thrill of affection to a palpable existence !

The intellect knows, can perceive and examine, but it has no hope, no faith, no love. And there are many things in the teachings of Jesus, which must be received by faith.

And if the intellect of these reasonable philosophers is ever enlisted to ameliorate the *present* sufferings which sin has entailed upon humanity — to raise up the degraded, and ‘bind up the broken-hearted,’ it is for some far-off evil — something upon which they speculate as possible, not what they see as actual.

There is Betty and Johnny, Sammy and Susan at their next door, or perchance, in their own kitchens ; but their ignorance, their degradation, their sorrows, never enlist the sympathies of these abstract, logical, philosophizing

humanities, because — *they have none!* They are above the weakness of feeling — they may, *must* speculate, theorize, and above all, *publish* their attempts at benevolence and justice!

Out! out upon such philosophers and reformers! their pride of intellect has strangled the sympathies and sensibilities which God has implanted within the human breast to purify and refine it; and which ally humanity to divinity. They have forgotten that intellect but dignifies human nature; while sympathy, pure and god-like, alone sublimates it.

“ Oh! if there is one law above the rest  
Written in wisdom — if there is a word  
That I could trace as with a pen of fire,  
Upon the unsummed temper of a child;  
If there is any thing that keeps the mind  
Open to angels' visits, and repels  
The ministry of ills, '*t is human love.*' ”



## THE INJUSTICE OF THE WORLD.

OH, the injustice of this scandalous, suspicious little world of ours! It is not content to take things as it finds them, and, with noble trust, impute the best motives for what it may not fully comprehend; but the least doubtful spot upon the fairness of a snow-flake, it must analyze, until it has destroyed the fragile thing of beauty and purity. It forgets that a snow-flake cannot fall amid the mire and filthiness of earth, without receiving a stain from the contact.



## CONSOLATION.

THAT consolation is worse than vain, which bids the sufferer to seek comfort from the greater miseries of some suffering child of humanity. Can the warm and generous-hearted find consolation in the contemplation that his fellow-being is bowed even lower than himself, beneath the iron pressure of affliction!

Let us gratefully thank God for all His mercies, and bear in resignation the blessing of His chastisements; but not seek courage or comfort from deeper springs of woe and sorrow.





## REFORM.

REFORM! reform! is the tocsin of the present era. Every thing is being mended; and almost every person is laboring to right the wrong. The sun and moon still keep on the 'old track;' but that they have not changed their course, has not been for want of *man's* exertions to bring about the final revolution of the heavens and earth. Every thing is being made better; and if we may believe those who are working to right 'the world and all things therein,' they are accomplishing their designs at the same ratio of the frog which was at the bottom of the well, and, to gain the top, jumped up two feet every day, and fell back *three* every night.

We know there was, long ago, a profound mathematical problem, which every country pedagogue proposed to the brightest geniuses of his school, for elucidation, stating that a frog

was at the bottom of a well thirty feet deep, and jumped up three feet every day, and fell back two every night. The query for solution was, how many days did it require for the frog to gain the top of the well? But, as we said, that was long ago, when the depth of the proposition was not confined to its phraseology, and when God made men and women; not in these days of reform and refinement, when the tailor and mantua-maker, from broadcloth and buckram, cotton and bran, satin and whalebone, can make superior animals to those originally created from mere dust. Now, the same problem would read thus :

An amphibious animal was at the bottom of an excavated reservoir. It ascended two-five-thousand-six-hundred-eightieths of a mile during the diurnal ascension and declension of the sun, and retrograded three-five-thousand-six-hundred-eightieths during the apparent diurnal librations of the earth's satellite. With this progression, in what period of time would the animal reach the same altitude as the surface

of the reservoir? And the answer would be, forty-five million four hundred and thirty-three days, when it would arrive at the opposite extremity of the earth's surface at an equal elevation with the mouth of the reservoir, which was seven feet deep, gaining its aim *the other way* from its intentions.

Verily, the world is reforming; and all who are not making it worse, are striving to amend the badness of its ways; and those who are seeking to better it, say it is growing worse. In sooth, the wicked are but adding to its weight of sin, and the exertions of the good but render its vileness the more visible. Like the problematical animal, it goes the other way, and from the depths of its errors seeks the altitude of its purity.

But, still the alarum of reform sounds its signal from every mountain and plain. The world is aroused — even the stupid are starting from their repose; and, if we may credit the report each one of his fellow, every one is going the very way he should not go. Still, it

may be better to go *the other* way, than not to go at all. To stand still, is to remain as we are; to go a little distance, each day, the right way, and a little farther the other, will, at least, carry them to the opposite extremity! To stand still, effects nothing; to keep moving, whether to the right or left, is, at least, exercise. And FAME is the guerdon of modern effort. To be very good, or very bad, is equally distinguished—the one is noted, the other notorious.

‘Fudge!’ says a wise man at my elbow, who has been exercising the privilege of wisdom (impudence) by looking over my shoulder, and reading the last page. ‘Fudge!’ he repeats; ‘they begin at the other end as well as go the other way.’

‘It would require no Herculean effort for every man to reform himself; but the grand area of modern reform is, every one is exerting all of his talents and energies to reform his neighbor. To be sure, when their aim is accomplished, the work will be done; but you have

well said, they are going the other way. They have forgotten that 'charity begins at home.' But when they all have corrected their neighbor's errors, every body will be right. Success attend their efforts !'



## WOMAN'S DOUBTS.

**DOUBT!** I believe a woman would doubt her own existence, if she did not assure herself of the fact by swallowing a piece of bread and butter every morning.



## REASONABLE LOVERS.

Of all animals, a reasonable, matter-of-fact lover is the most provoking to a high-spirited, enthusiastic, independent woman. And as far as my observation has extended, I have never known any very great happiness to result from a very reasonable, prudent marriage contract. Perhaps the parties may have avoided the depths of misery, as their bargain especially provided for selfish *comfort*; but the blind god flies from prudential considerations, as he would from a banquet of *crackers and cheese*!



## ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICANS.

AN Englishman's prejudice, in a national point of view, is equalled only by his self-aggrandizement and egotism. To see one exercising humility and modesty in his national character, would, I ween, be a phenomenon on this little globular earth of ours.

Of private character I do not speak. In every land upon which the universal sun shines, may be found individuals animated by the purest motives, and exercising the noblest virtues. And in no country more than in England.

But in national arrogance, haughty, overbearing, insolent pride, and assumption of superiority, the English, as a *nation*, are without equals. And they are so inflated with their own importance, they forget it enhances the nobleness of even national character, to wear honors meekly — and that to boast will tarnish the brilliancy of the brightest virtues.

But England — God bless it ; ‘and may its shadow never be less.’

‘And America?’

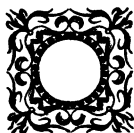
Tut! the Americans obscure the brightness of their national glory by an over-weening, sensitive, womanish vanity. Not the polite, fanciful, vivacious vanity of the French character; but a kind of John Bull vain-glory, which boasts of itself and claims praiseworthiness for even its blunders; and is not content with its own comfortable opinion, but is annoyed if every other person does not also adopt it.

A real John Bull is superior to the imperfections of humanity — is never in fault nationally. An American is not quite so positive of the infallibility of all the measures of his dearly beloved country, of which he is a component and essential part; but he will prove, or at least argue, that even the blunders were the very best measures which could have been adopted under the existing circumstances.



## DINING.

To see a lover eat in the presence of his mistress and not swallow his plate, instead of his meat, exhibits something nearer of earth than heaven ; and to see a very beautiful woman eat at all, gives one an idea of angels feeding on pudding and potatoes. But our friends are treated very much like turkeys ; if we have one particularly nice, we wish to see it grace our dinner-table.



## FRANKNESS.

SOCIETY both censures and condemns the exhibition of truthfulness or frankness in an unmarried woman. If she feel gratitude or friendship toward one of the opposite sex, she must conceal it, lest it be construed into an emotion still more tender. And to love, except in return, is a woe or wickedness.

But God made her human as well as a woman, and shall she be debarred from exercising spontaneously the noblest emotions which throb in the human breast, because she is a woman and unmarried !

Oh, I would rather be a dog and bay the moon, than a woman obliged to repress every generous and truthful impulse for fear of misconstruction.

Are the world all vicious and malicious, and only to be met with deceit and falsehood ?

## WARM TEMPERAMENTS.

WE never could account for the vagaries of persons of warm, impetuous temperaments, who have never learned the salutary discipline of self-denial.

At times, it seems they are out of humor, merely for the pleasure of making their friends the more prize their pleasant and sunny spirits.

Heavy calamities and deep sorrows they may meet with a noble and perhaps Christian-like resignation; but petty vexations disturb the muddy waters of their temper. And with them, as with others under like circumstances, the best course to pursue is, to leave them to chew their own cud of petulance, and swallow the *saliva* of their own bitterness.

This buying with sugar-plums little or great babies' smiles, is a poor method of ever obtaining them gratuitously.

## A TRUISM.

A DUTIFUL and affectionate daughter, a kind and loving sister, have duties as pure and ennobling as a wife. The one item of securing a lover, is not the only end and aim of a woman's existence.



## TEARS AND PRAYERS.

THE tears of a woman, and the prayers of a Christian, are powerful and irresistible: the one with men, the other with God.

## LIFE. .

WE chronicle the darkest days, the coldest ones, and those remarkable for any other unpleasantness. But who marks the pleasant ones, or remembers the peculiar beauty of the sunshine, or salubrity of the atmosphere? The good of life we take as a matter of course, as something to which we have a claim: our misfortunes we murmur at, and forget that life, at best, is but a mixture of good and evil.

But such is life. We blindly seek to frame the structure of our joys, and repine at the ills consequent upon humanity; instead of trusting with faith that the GREAT LOVE has ordered all for our best good.



## A CHARACTER.

SHE was a pattern of a perfect lady made by rule, in whose nature there had been a complete transformation, if it ever consisted of aught but a cold intellectualism, and a prominent consideration of her own importance and excellences. Her sense, intellect and refined manners commanded respect, but your respect for her virtues was so very strong, that one must have had an acute imagination to have thought of loving her. One would as soon have thought of loving a statue of marble.



## NATURE.

I HAVE a horror of learned things. Give me nature — the free impulse of the heart, and I can worship its possessor.

I love the good and true; but I cannot endure to have my imagination cramped in the stocks of mere forms and ceremonies. I cannot believe that honest impulse is a crime to be eradicated from our natures.

Is life but a set of rules, where the measure of each ingredient is marked down with the precision of a receipt in a cook-book? To produce the result of excellence, must every case be a pound of this, an ounce of that, and so much sugar, and a named quantity of spice? Truth, like the grand ingredient of flour in pastry, should form the basis of character. But may not individual discretion be used in mingling the spice and sweetening of life, love and pleasure?

## NOTORIETY.

To be distinguished for any thing remarkable—a deed of heroism, a comic grin, superior mental endowments, a light heel, or clear complexion—is like being a six-legged calf. Every body must examine it, to see that the superfluous parts are not stitched on.



## THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

HALF the pleasure of life, consists in not knowing too much.



## BEAUTY.

My judgment admits that superior personal beauty may cover a heart distorted with every moral deformity; but my feelings reject the admission. And when I look upon graceful and elegant proportions, I cannot but think the inward man as fair and true as the outward. On the contrary, I cannot endure plain, awkward people; ugliness seems but the type of moral deformity, and excites my pity and commiseration. May not the want of personal beauty be the judgment of God for the sins of the parent? even such as is visited 'unto the third generation'?



## FEAR.

FEAR is the propelling power of all decent sin. Cowardly children obey their parents from *fear* of the whipping. Cowardly men keep within the pale of civil law from *fear* of the vindictive retribution upon which all law is based. And cowardly Christians join the church, and profess to love God, from *fear* of the consequences of disobedience.



## SNARING.

THIS plotting and setting snares for the little wight, Love, is miserably stupid business for sensible people.

## MARRIAGE.

If matrimony was designed by the Creator for the happiness of sentient beings, he did not intend it should be but the consummation of cunningly contrived plots, and the prudent conclusion of intrigue. If love is one of the holiest attributes of our nature, next in purity to our adoration of the Supreme Being, it is not to be compelled, bought, or sold, or given from motives of cool calculation. It must gush spontaneously from the heart's pure springs, like leaping waters from the mountain's side.



## ADJECTIVES.

ADJECTIVES are the most expressive part of speech, for they convey meaning where there is no sense.

## WOMAN'S COURAGE.

WOMAN never stands out in open, frank and fearless bold relief, with her intellect sharpened beyond the teachings of custom and habit, and supported by courage equal to meet an untried emergency, but she has been dragged into the position by some string to her heart.



## FEMALE REFORMERS.

WHEN a woman, from disappointment, want of attraction, or otherwise, gives up all hopes, or forswears matrimony, she has gained a diploma to use up her surplus sympathies on public objects.

## CHANGE OF TASTE.

A MAN's fancy at twenty-five and fifty years of age, is totally dissimilar. And in nothing is the change more strongly marked, than in their appreciation of female character.

At twenty-five, or even under forty years of age, men seldom take an instantaneous interest in any woman, unless through the medium of personal attractions. A man of fifty, may appreciate wit in a woman — at twenty-five, he fears it.

But I never heard of a man of any age, who jumped the bounds of reason and gave his dearest hopes into the keeping of an ugly woman, *by looking at her!*



## ALMS.

To help human beings to live—to give them hopes, employment and responsibility—to stamp them with the mark of manhood, and show them that they too, can go forth, struggle, seek and win the prizes of life, is the best, the noblest kind of alms.



## SARCASM.

SOME people vent their ill-humor in sarcasm upon the whole world ; and the disgorgement, like the effect of an emetic upon the physical system, restores the tone of their minds to the usual equanimity.

## THE SPIRIT OF SIN.

**DOES** the ruling spirit of Pandemonium weep at the misery which his arts and malice have created? No; evil rejoices in wrong—the wicked raise a song of triumph, when their schemes are about to degrade the pure and noble to their own base level. And, perchance, there is no surer test of a truly cruel, selfish and evil mind, than to rejoice when another is abased. The true and generous pity even the fallen.



## GLORY AND GUANO.

GLORY and guano are but synonymous terms. In proof of the assertion, witness the bleached bones and rotted carcasses of the plains of Waterloo. Who would not be a hero and die upon the ensanguined battle-field for the glory and honor of enriching a kitchen garden ?



## GOOD MEN.

THE best men are not free from the weaknesses of humanity ; but this is a lesson which the young do not learn from history or biography. There, good men's virtues are recorded, and their errors passed over or forgotten.



## BLISS.

To sensitive, refined, nervous temperaments, there are two ecstasies — ever transient, always ridiculous, and sometimes painful — which divest the spirit from the body, and give the soul a glimpse of bliss, the most delicious and intoxicating of which humanity is susceptible.

To fall in love at first sight, without desire or reflection, and to inhale exhilarating gas, earth has no bliss beyond.



## DECLARATIONS.

I KNOW not why the 'rising sun' is denied the honor of witnessing lovers' vows, more than 'sunset's hour,' 'dewy eve,' and the 'moon's pale beams;' but, by universal consent and suffrage, morning has been avoided as not propitious to the lover's tale.

Perchance, the head is too clear at an early hour, and the judgment preponderates over the imagination — that it requires the senses to be dulled by the fatigue of the day, to give sufficient credulity to inspire faith in protestations which may be broken and forgotten.



## LOVE.

**TRUE** passion elevates, refines, and strengthens the noble and generous-hearted. It arouses the slumbering energies of the soul, purifies the desires, and exalts the perceptions of truth, justice and benevolence.

We cannot love one intensely, truly and purely, without feeling a deeper bond of brotherhood, and more abiding charity, for the whole race.



## ISMS.

THROUGH life, it has ever been my fortune, or misfortune, like a Mississippi steamboat, to make a snag of all the peculiar *isms* of my friends. There is hardly a question agitated in the moral world, but which has foundered and sunk me in the estimation of some one, whose kindly feelings were of price. And can I bless, and bid 'God speed' to that which robs and deprives me of the affectionate sympathies of loving hearts? Can I recognize aught of the spirit of truth and goodness in a moral simoon and spirit of intolerance, which dry up, and bury beneath their arid and angry breath, the social sympathies of friendship and love?

I am too stupid to perceive any desirable reform in a mere spirit of denunciation and vindictive vengeance — too dull to learn that one wrong can right or justify another — or

that the abuse of any of God's creatures, is universal benevolence.

In all candor, (and I have taxed my memory before tracing the assertion) through the diversified scenes of a changeful life, I cannot remember but two or three persons, *active* in any of the modern *isms*, who did not actually abuse every one who presumed to differ with them on their particular hobby, or where the spirit of public benevolence had not dried up and withered all private, social charity and kindness. Public reformers feel too much for the body politic, to have much individual sympathy.

God created me with a heart full of warm sympathies for every thing bright, beautiful, noble and affectionate, in our broad, fair earth. And for the wretched and unfortunate there is a pity, still deeper than love, abiding in my breast. But, I cannot recognize any feelings in unison with storm-strife of modern reform. I love it not. I may remonstrate, persuade and entreat my brother to reform his errors —

I may weep for the wrongs which his sins perpetuate — but, I cannot but pray that he, also, may be forgiven — and if I feel the prayer which my lips utter, I cannot hurl condemnation upon his head. God hath not appointed me minister of his vengeance, and I have not the daring to assume the office.

In most *questions* of reform, I can see the basis of truth; but the spirit of intolerance which actuates most reformers, clouds the glorious beauty of the pedestal, and crowns the monument with a hideous monster with more than seven heads and ten horns. In sincerity, the efforts of the executive of modern *isms*, appear about as wise as a missionary who should attempt to convert heathen by sending them the words of Blessed Truth, as wadding from the cannon's mouth, accompanied by powder and balls. He might literally shoot truth into the bosoms of the poor barbarians, but the man would be demented, who would expect them to receive it understandingly, with meekness and gratitude.

Indeed, most isms seem but the outlet for all the 'bad blood and angry humors' of many very excellent people.



### EVERY-DAY DUTIES.

WHAT an indispensable item in the everyday duties, is the sacrifice of a piece of bread and butter to the stomach duties! A breakfast converts angels and demi-gods into mere men and women.



## YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG gentlemen are divided into two castes'—triflers and dignitaries. The first love, or profess to love every woman they meet; but, from the known generality of their devotion, they are harmless.

The second, under lofty notions of honor, and from an exalted sense of their own merits, fear that every woman will fall in love with them; and, to secure themselves from the calamity, stand aloof in proud dignity, with even their cravats tied in a don't-love-me knot.





## BOOKS.

Books are the store-houses of the thoughts, manners, customs, events, and follies of mankind. Some are wise; more are foolish, and still more, a mixture of folly and wisdom.

Books, also, may be called the carriages of ideas. They transport thoughts and events from one age to another. And, as among carriages, so among books, there are a great variety. Some are the fanciful pleasure-carriages of the imagination — others combine both beauty and utility.

School-books are the lumber-carts of knowledge. More attention is paid to their strength and solidity, than to their beauty or symmetry. The grand idea seems to be to construct them to carry a *great load*!

On the contrary, the vehicles of imagination are made to bear the least possible burthens. The prominent object of light literature ap-

pears to be the art of making a book out of the least quantity of ideas. The wise books of the present age, are all reason and no fancy ; and the works of imagination, are all fancy and no reason.

The true art of book-making will be attained when the same page interests the imagination and improves the intellect. God has given us both reason and imagination — the one to examine, and the other to refine. The reason requires the nutritious vegetables of the intellect ; and the imagination, the beauty and perfume of its own flowers.

And he who would cultivate the one to the neglect of the other, would be as wise as a person who should assert that the natural world would have been improved if its grains and vegetables had been roses and violets ; or that mankind would have been benefitted if all the flowers could be changed into turneps and cabbages !

## RETROGRADE IMPROVEMENT.

IN this age of reform and improvement, the good and true are the only things reformed out of general use. And the person who is governed by the simple queries, 'is it right?' or 'is it wrong?' is the greatest *rara avis* that could astonish the multitude.



## TRUE AFFECTION.

TRUE affection is spontaneous; the heart may not be forced, unless it is with those whose affections have a price, and whose disappointments can be cancelled by a verdict of '*damages.*'

## DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE HEART.

TAKE these disappointments of the heart, and they are 'pretty, pathetic and interesting,' in the pages of a novel; but they are directly the reverse in real life, to a third party. Men regard them the same as an unfortunate termination of any matter of trade. They sympathize and condole, as in any mere business transaction. Women make gossip and scandal of them. And there is no consolation in the matter, unless you can get two, smarting under the same wound, with a comparative degree of confidence in each other, together, and let them indulge in retrospection and reminiscences.



## TEMPER.

AN ungoverned temper is a moral frost, destroying every green and beauteous blossom in life's pathway. And a sullen mood is the black frost of the mind, killing each generous impulse, and chilling with its mental icicles, every tender tendril of social sympathy and kindness. If it must be, give me the brazen-tongued termagant, whose shrill notes rack your sense of hearing. The mood evaporates in the noise, and she may still be a woman. But one of your silent, sullen, pouting, prim, conscientious shrews is a domestic volcano, of whose smothered fires you stand in constant dread and apprehension.



## THE MISANTHROPE.

I WAS proud. The scathings of misfortune withered the parent tree, and the nestlings, which it sheltered, were scattered. I could not brook a callous look, or a careless word, from those who had bowed or envied, and I sought a distant scene, where none might know that life had ever other hopes, than the humble ones at which I then might aim. A mother's smothered sob, and a sister's uncontrolled grief, were the last sounds that reached my ear from the home that had nourished my infancy and sheltered my childhood. But I turned not. Pride — deep, indomitable pride, sent me forth into the world to learn to live, to bow, or to *die*.

Youth's sweet and holy affections, its bright anticipations, its trust, and its confidence, were all garnered into the urn of the Past. Proudly, and as cold as proud, I sought the struggle of

life, its anxieties and cares, and their reward —  
DEATH.

To learn to live, was to create new hopes, to arouse new sympathies, and to awaken new affections. To live, is to hope, to feel, to love. Life, with its emotions severed from the past — its aspirations unconnected with the future, is a paralytic existence. The spirit which animates, or the life which is, is not of yesterday, of to-day, nor of to-morrow ; it exists forever. And an object, which concentrates and confines our aim to the present, stagnates our progression, and palsies our action. Onward, onward is the law written upon human nature. Hope connects us with the future. And when we cease to hope, then we cease to live, in the true meaning of life.

I had ceased to hope. The future had naught for me ; in the waves of the Past were buried all the sweet sympathies which bind heart and kind. Pride, with its moral sirocco, had desolated the soul. I was *alone* ! Alone ! and amid the recesses of a desolate heart the

sound reverberated; the echo answered, 'Lone!'

And could *I* learn to bow? Could my proud soul cringe, or play the sycophant to its equal humanity? *I bow to my fellow worm!* I had not learned to bow to the Great Cause who fashioned me; my heart rebelled against His punishment; and I scorned the puny lordling, who arrogated the power and claimed the reverence due to **JEHOVAH!**

And yet, to live, in the general acceptance of the term, man must submit, and yield to his brother man; he must learn to be a slave, to crouch to him to whom circumstances have given, or his own tact has secured, more of the luxuries and possessions which exalt man with man.

Man makes the adventitious matter, the substance pertaining, *the* man — his life the time, or period to gain it. And with *man*, he who accumulates and gathers together wealth, possessions and money, lives a true life. Is it so with God? He has given us intellect, emo-



tions, and affections. The Christian world receive their ritual as His inspiration. And doth that volume teach the Idea, which men cling and bow to, as the Great Good? Christendom *professes* Christianity; it is actuated more by the principles which were inculcated by the Prophet whose shrine is at Mecca. The Bible teaches 'love to' their 'neighbor;' their actions proclaim their consideration for his possessions. Could I but scorn their hypocrisy? Could I but turn in bitterness from their mockery, which said 'God,' but knelt to '*Mammon*?' The example of Jesus Christ taught that goodness was greatness; the example of men, that greatness was goodness.

I looked into the pages of Inspiration, and found truth and purity inculcated; I looked into the hearts of men, and found deceit and vice. I turned again to the instructions of Wisdom, and found unity and harmony; among men, I found strife and discord. In the one, I found beauty and sublimity; in the other, deformity and grovelling inclinations.

Was the error in their Creator? Had He made man incapable of becoming what He had commanded him to be? The idea was preposterous.

I scanned still deeper the mystery of the human heart; and it seemed that men even sought with *words* to cheat the Great Almighty! They might be sincere in their belief—they might think that their appreciation of truth was correct; but, if the Sacred Volume taught truth and duty, but few men *lived* true lives. Scorning, as I did, the great mass, for their *opinions* I had no respect. It was of their *acts* I judged. I had learned that it was easy for men to *say* good things; I asked that they should also *perform* them. Words were as wind; acts spoke the deep principle. I asked no sympathy for myself, but I looked to find it exercised by others, for others. They had bonds of union; I had none. \* \* \* \*

Years passed; and I again stood beneath the roof that had been my home. There I had known love, kindness and affection.

When I had rushed forth into the turmoil of the world, my departure had caused sadness and grief. Was my return greeted with joy? A stranger had met me. I knew that my mother, and my sister (the last ties of kindred) slept beneath the surface of the grave-yard. And yet, an impulse, or destiny I could not withstand, had sent me there to see how much my callous soul could bear. I shunned not the infliction of mental agony; I refined the torture of my spirit; I sought the home of my childhood, when I knew that every voice that had created the melody of its happiness, was hushed in death.

I stood by the graves of the loved ones; I asked why they were taken, and I was left? If they had lived, *they* might have done good; I had purposed none — had accomplished none. Why the fruitful tree cut down? why the barren one still spared? Yes, I even presumed to question the goodness of the Great God.

There, above the graves of the sacred dead, I still stood, in the might of a proud and

haughty soul, and dared to ask why it was so! And then came the hallowed influence of the kindly affections—the memory of the past, when I was too happy to be proud. My soul melted within me. It seemed as though they still lived, and hovered in love around my head; that God had, in His mercy, but removed them from the trials and temptations of this life, to the enjoyment of perfect bliss. Should I murmur and rebel, because He had done so? I had; and why? Because it afflicted me. My pride and sorrow were rebuked. The selfishness of my grief, the more than selfishness of my pride, I now saw.

I could not but mourn our separation, but I knew that it was Love as well as Power, that had bereaved me; and in that hour, the bitterness of life passed. I learned to bow in humble resignation to the will 'of Him who cannot err.'

I had been stricken; but it was necessary to humble the rebellion of my proud heart. I had been left alone in the world; but was it

not necessary to enlarge the sphere of my affections? I had loved those who were my own so much, that I forgot, 'love for my neighbor.' The dead had been my world. I had even forgotten to love God,

Humility was my first lesson of true life; and, humbled, I learned to be resigned. And when I learned resignation, I knew and felt love. And to love Jehovah, begets love for the beings whom he has created: and I ceased to be a *misanthrope*.

Death had taught me life. And when I again sought and mingled with my fellow-men, I had learned that the carplings of criticism were not of love; that in seeking for the errors of others, I had not corrected my own; that *to me, also*, were the commands of faith, love, and duty; and the practice of these was life. God, by the blessings of His chastisements, had taught me to live; and *to learn to live is to learn to die*.

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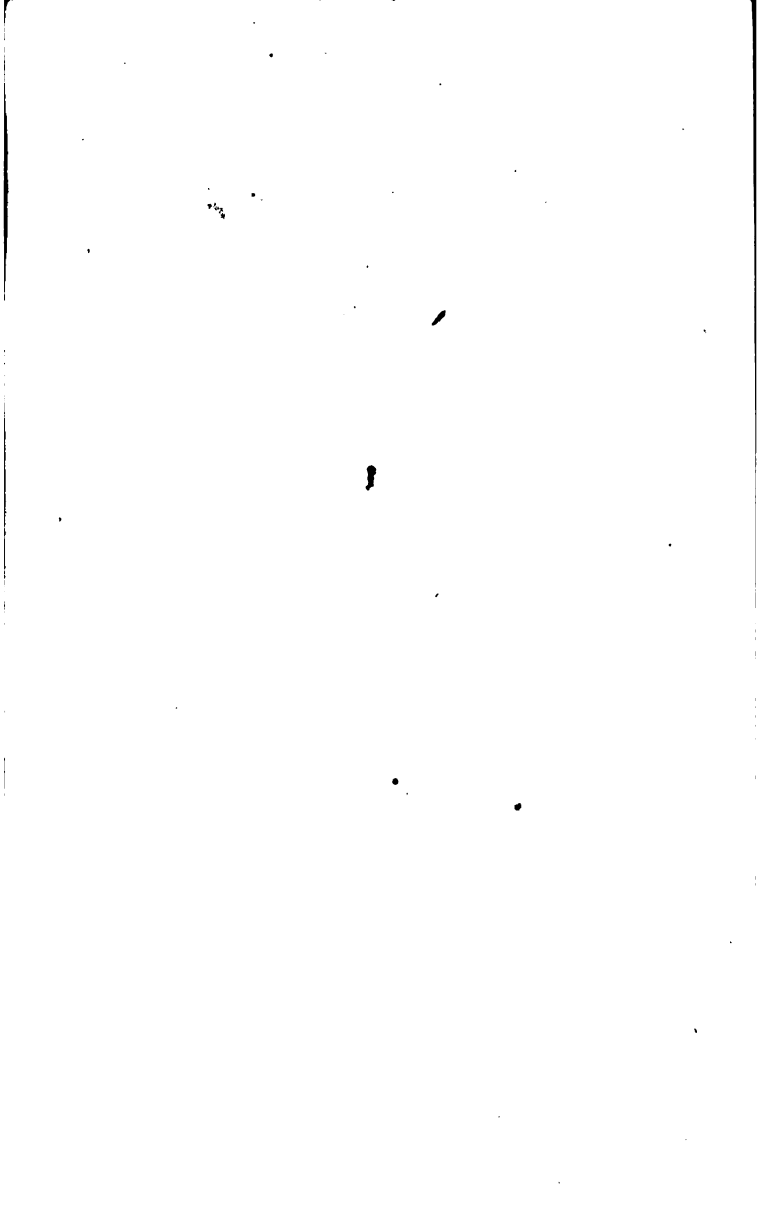
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